THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

Seen first by clairvoyant vision one whole year before I beheld them by physical sight, to me those waters will waft memories till death comes.

The orange creeper bignonia venusta hung in cascades of fiery passion from the peepul to cool its flames below in the snow drifts of the syringa's maiden purity. The kiosks in the Queen's Gardens rose grey and soothing from the clamorous scarlets of the hibiscus, the creamy tubes of the millingtonia formed i^a pattern as a bridal veil against the azure sky, as I drove through to gain the Chandni Chowk, one of the world's richest streets, to try to rescue a friend and his career from the harpies who sought to devour him.

He came from a grand old Irish stock, from men who traced their pedigree to Noah's Ark. He had been a friend of childhood's days, and with the thoroughness characteristic of his race he had gone to the devil by the most direct route. None of the famous trio had been denied. In the soft sensuous atmosphere of

Shanghai, so far away from Charing Cross that all thoughts of the restraints of English life vanish, where yellow-faced celestials living on dogs, cats, and mice produce ivories and

embroideries